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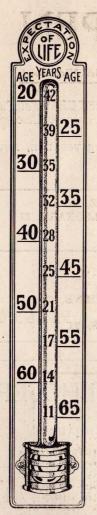
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Explanation:

The middle column shows the time a person is expected to live whose age is that given in the side columns.

The BAROMETER of LIFE

- 20 is the formative period of character building as well as that of business building. The formation of habits of thrift, by regularly laying aside something for the future, is an achievement which should not be overlooked. At the age of
- 25 life appears in all its scintillating splendor by the establishment of home and family ties, but at
- 30 the vision of boyhood has changed and things are not what they seemed. If determined and sustained efforts have been maintained up to the age of
- 35 success will surely appear on the horizon of commercial life at
- 40 when the period of accumulation has been reached.

 The importance of conservation of funds and energy is then apparent. With the majority, at
- 45 the whirl of commercial life begins to lose its momentum. Upon reaching the age of
- 50 the hand which has held the lever is gradually loosened, and at
- 55 the details must of necessity be left to others, and finally at
- 60 pass into younger hands. The curtain is often drawn upon life's activities at
- 65 and the satisfaction on arriving at the sunset of life with the conscious feeling that through all its vicissitudes, those who are dear to you have been constantly protected by life insurance, is a comfort that may be yours if you will.

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PITTSFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

The STUDENT'S PEN

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Gifts--

Much of individual and family interest for June centers in coming weddings, graduations and other social events. June, therefore has become second only to December as a gift season. The fact leads us to suggest some of the many things suitable for June gifts that are offered in this store.

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Bolshevism

What is Bolshevism? Bolshevism is an idea. You cannot stop it with bullets. You cannot stop it with a club. The only thing that stops an idea is another idea. On the intellectual battlefields the only arms are ideas. If the people have a doctrine which is false or wicked, the way to meet that doctrine is not by running away from it or trying to shoot it out of existence, but to meet it with calm logic. We ought to insist on common sense methods. Let us see that all the restrictions of commerce are relieved. Why not make peace with every nation of the world, and as they resume the arts of peace, the wounds of this war will gradually be healed, but as we do all of these things, let us spend a little time taking care of the United States of America.

Eleanor Mapletoft.

Exaltation to the athlete is dangerous to the school. Too much praise to the athlete and too little to the scholar lowers the standard of schools. The subject through which the most honor is gained proves to be the most popular in the school curriculum. If for instance the subject Spanish was put before the school body with as much commendation received in excellence of scholar-ship as is athletics the appreciation would be studied zealously. While athletics are important to the welfare of the nation they should not be given first place in the student's appreciation of his studies. Therefore less praise to the athlete and more to the scholar would be beneficial to the school.

Marion Mattoon.

LITERATURE

"The Rose of La Calera" a Tragedy

It was a drowsy, summer afternoon in La Calera. The old inn was crowded with miners refreshing themselves after their siesta, before returning to work. The wanton strains of an old guitar stirred the air and then died away, as if the

hands that played it, drooped also. In the interval came the laugh of the senoritas as they sported on the veranda. Among them was Rosa, the daughter of the old inn-keeper. Tall, and slender as a young poplar tree, she was beloved by all in the little mining town of La Calera. By them, she was always called Rosita, or little rose, for she was indeed a blooming flower in an arid land.

Thus were things at the inn when Ernest Lambard, the American engineer of the South American mining camp appeared. He was tall, broad-shouldered, with blond hair. Upon his face there lingered a look which bespoke intelligence, determination and character. With a bound he was up the steps and on the veranda.

"Buenas dias," he called to his men assembled there. Various greetings, clumsy but sincere arose from the lips of his men. They respected and loved this forceful leader of theirs. Lambard turned to where Rosa was seated and said, "I have the whole afternoon off and we can enjoy it together if you will. I thought perhaps you would like to make that tour of inspection of the camp on horseback, which I promised you."

"I should like to very much," the girl replied eagerly, "El senor is so kind."

"Good," exclaimed Lambard, "Here, with the horses, Pedros." "You had better ride Blancho," he advised, as Pedros brought up a beautiful white horse with a black spot on its forehead. "He is more gentle than Lightning here." As the two mounted and rode away the men at the inn nodded to each other with approval. The adoration of the young American for Rosita was quite evident. Indeed the rumor of their betrothal had reached them. There was however one Antoine Gomez among those at the inn whose countenance betrayed no approval for the American. He was an evil-looking young Spaniard whose eyes burned with the fire of jealousy for the American who dared to look upon the senorita, whose hand he sought.

The two lovers were at this time riding hard along the road circling the camp. With the inspection finished they returned to the inn. Rosa alighted nimbly from her horse and started to pat its head. "Blancho has carried me well today, Ernesto, see how gentle he is; already he knows me," she explained.

"Well Blancho always has chosen his friends well," Lambard declared. "Since Blancho likes you so well, let him be my betrothal gift to you."

"But you love him also," she argued, "I cannot take him away from you."

"Nonsense, my little Rosita, I have Lightning here, besides soon Blancho will belong to us both."

So it was arranged, and the two parted, Rosa leading Blancho to the stables of her Father's inn to be left to the care of Pedros.

It happened that the next morning she arose early and went out upon the balcony to care for the plants and flowers which she had there. The balcony, if the somewhat crude structure of wood may be called that, was directly above the veranda upon which were three men grouped about a table. She had not meant to eavesdrop but a series of words like El Americano at eight o'clock—El Paso—With your revolver, came to her ears, and she found herself listening. It was the voice of Antoine.

"It is only a few minutes work," he was saying, "and it means big money for you."

"But it is risky business and Lambard's men will avenge his death," another argued.

"But no one will ever find out," Antoine persisted. "This accursed foreigner will ride to work at 8 o'clock, on the road from El Paso! Ambush him at the bend in the road and shoot to kill."

Terrified the young girl listened to the plot to kill her lover. Would that she had heard the parting words of the ring-leader. "You cannot miss your man; he rides a white horse with a black spot on its forehead!" At eight o'clock! The words rang in her ears. And it was seven now. The conspirators were getting into their saddles, evidently to ride to their murderous mission. She must act quickly. She would go herself and warn the young engineer. Blancho, her white horse, would carry her! She ran to the stables, saddled him, and brought him out. The men had chosen a short cut thru the mountain passes. She must take the road, the longer way. She spoke in her horse's ear, "We've got the longest road, old man, but we'll save him, just you and I." As if it could understand, the animal shot ahead, with renewed energy. On and on she flew, riding the white horse, the target of death, quite unaware of danger.

It was 7.30—7.45 and she was drawing nearer. A prayer went up from her lips that she might not be too late; that she might reach the bend in time to save Lambard. Five minutes of eight and she could see the gunners ambushed at the left of the road, watching down the road to El Paso. And now almost upon the bend was her lover, the young American. She could not warn him, it would mean his death. Then she saw that both of them would reach the bend at the same time. She would take the left of the road and it would be her body that would stop the bullet. She spurred her horse ahead. Now she was at the side of Ernesto. The murderers saw their target. A gun spoke scarcely before they recognized their mistake, and into the heart of Rosa a bullet found its way. She swaved and fell from the saddle into the arms of Ernest Lambard.

"Rosita, Rosita, speak to me or I shall die!" the stricken lover exclaimed.

She opened her eyes slowly, saying, "I was not too late, I am happy to die thus, Ernesto, my love, do not grieve." And with this she was gone.

And while she went with joy, he remained to sorrow for her to the end of his days.

Beatrice Rowan.

Ezra Mills, Constable and Detective

When the four-thirty milk-train puffs over the dewy rails into the little station, Fenville gets up and begins its daily duties; and when the nine o'clock express speeds through the darkness past the station, Fenville goes to bed,—which is not at all remarkable, since the town is composed of three hundred healthy farm-folk.

But Fenville's quiet routine was once rudely broken, and many, many milk-trains and expresses passed before the town slept peacefully again.

This is the story: There came to the Dobson homestead, one cool June afternoon, two well-dressed young men, driving an automobile of the latest model. Nightfall found them comfortably settled as Mrs. Dobson's summer boarders. Fenville was quite alive with curiosity, and the advent of the strangers was the subject of discussion at the General Store that evening.

"I'd like t' know," said old Jim Barton, "why folks like that, with a swel auto, an' fashin'-book clothes, an' a roll o' greenbacks fit t' start a bank,—I'd like t' know why they come to a place like Fenville t' spend their vacation,—futty-nine miles fr'm Burlin'ton."

"They don't do it, nowadays," said Ezra Mills, the town constable, post-master, lawyer, and physician, with a good list of et ceteras," they go t' the sea-shore, that's where, 'less they got a special reason for bein' 'way from civilization—an' the cops!"

Came a sudden realization to these simple farmers. Criminals! Robbers! Murderers, perhaps! Ah, the fair name of Fenville was gone forever. They, who professed the greatest fear and love of God, were harboring criminals! Indeed, it was such an appalling situation that old Jim Barton smoked six pipes over it before he thought of a plan.

"I tell ye," he said, "we gotta ac' and ac' quick! The biggust, awfulust, wust crimes in the history of the world have been committed in a few momunts time. With the Almighty on our side, God helping us, we can do no other. Fourscore an' eight or nine years agone, our fathers have founded Fenville. The world will little know nor long remember the fair name o' Fenville. But—"

"Wait, wait," said Mills," there ain't any sense in gittin' so darn fussed up. I know a crim'nul when I see him. I been to a law school. I took a correspondence course in detective work. I oughta know." It was generally admitted that he had, so it was decided to await further developments.

Morning came, but no developments, at least not up to four a.m., when Mills was pacing up and down the kitchen floor with a revolver in each hand. But shortly after four, there was a terrific banging on Mills' front door. When it was opened Silas Dobson staggered in.

"They didn't-" Mills began.

"They did!" Silas shouted, a very loud shout, too, for a fifty-year old person.

"You-" Mills began again.

"I didn't! I didn't! shrieked Silas.

"They did what?" asked Mills.

"Er-a-er-they tried to!" said Silas.

"Tried to bust your invention, your new motor?" asked Mills.

"Yes," replied Silas, "but they didn't touch it."

Then Silas told a long, stirring tale. It was midnight. Silas awoke. Had he locked the work room door? Yes. No. Yes—well, it was better to be on the safe side. He would see. So he crept downstairs as softly as he could, but the stairs creeked loudly. The room was locked; all was well.

Silas started to go up stairs, when he heard queer noises. Someone else was coming downstairs!

He waited, waited. Two more stairs and the intruder would be in the

kitchen. Creak, creak. Silence! Footsteps! The darkness was so deep that Silas could see nothing. A light! Small, very small—a flashlight. It played around the room, almost discovering Silas, who was trembling with fear.

The light found the lock on the workroom door. Silas was half-dead with fright.

"Humph!" said a voice. The intruder went back upstairs. Was he foiled? Why did he make no effort to pick the lock? Was it one of the strangers? Silas' brain held no answer to these questions.

"An' you think it was one of them?" Mills asked.

"Must 'a' been," said Silas," but anyway, I'm gonna get them out o' my house."

"No," said Mills, "don't do that, it'd be foolish. We've got to get some proof of their guilt. Mebbe 'twas a night-mare, Silas."

"No, no, no," Silas answered, quickly. "It was real! But,—I think I'd orter oust 'em,—an' I wish them secret service men that the guv'ments sendin' would hurry up."

"Never mind them" Mills snapped, "I can catch a crimnul if he's within thutty mile of me."

Silas went home, and Mills had breakfast, thinking the while of a plan for capture. Nine o'clock came, and still no plan entered his mind. But something better came to Mills—the weekly newspaper.

The long columns seemed dry and uninteresting, but away down at the bottom of a page, Mills found this, which excited him so that he forgot to put on his glasses, as was his custom when he stumbled on anything interesting:

"DARING DAYLIGHT ROBBERY"

"Hmm," said Mills, thinking of the strangers at Mr. Dobson's as he read: "One of the most daring robberies in the history of the Philadelphia police department was perpetrated at noon today in the brokerage offices of J. B. Pelton and Co. Two men, unmasked, and heavily armed, forced Mr. Pelton to open the safe, holding three customers at bay.

"When the safe had been opened, and twenty thousand dollars in money and bonds given over to the robbers, they rushed to the street and jumping into a waiting automobile, escaped.

"The men are believed to be 'Chuck' Mason, and 'Big Jim' Moran. A reward of \$5000 is offered for their capture."

Later.—It was learned that the auto in which the men escaped, was the stolen property of Mr. Albert E. Carr. It is a Rolls Royce, 1920 Model, number plates A0026, Pennsylvania."

* * *

"Jumpin' jupiter!" ejaculated Mills, "I got 'em! It's a Rolls Royce—I saw it. Five Thousand dollars!"

He made a hurried trip to Dobson's. The number plates would tell—and did tell,—yes, they were A0026, Pennsylvania. Now Ezra Mills began to grow afraid. What if the criminals should start a reign of terror in Fenville? It was

plain that the town needed good protection. But then—what if he should have to share the reward?

A sudden idea struck him. In the nearby town of Greyhill there was a lady chief of police. What did lady chiefs of police care for rewards? They wanted fame, not money. Aha, Ezra Mills was clever, yes sir. Ezra Mills would summon Miss Minnie Hepp to help him in the pursuance of the law. Ezra Mills would receive the reward, but he would say, "I'd like to add that invaluable aid has been rendered me by Miss Minnie Hepp. She's a wonder."

This is the telgram that Mills sent to Miss Minnie Hepp:

"Very dangerous characters here. Help. Come at once."

And this is the telegram that Miss Minnie Hepp sent to Mills:

"Courage. Am coming. Guard public buildings. Watch for bombs."

"Chrismus!" ejaculated Mills, "is it as bad as that?"

* * *

A person standing on the highway that led to Fenville might have thought that a battle was in progress there, for about four o'clock that afternoon, exactly twenty autos passed, filled with policemen and state military.

It was just six o'clock when these autos drove into Fenville.

"What's the matter?" someone asked.

"Why," said Miss Minnie Hepp, "we're after that gang of Bolshevists and I. W. W.'s. Where are they?"

"Bolshevists?"

"I. W. W.'s?"

"In Fenville?"

"Oh," said someone, "she means them ones up at Dobson's."

Miss Minnie Hepp speedily asked for directions, and, without waiting to find out how many Bolshevists and I. W. W.'s she might expect to capture, ordered her followers to the fray.

They drove into Dobson's yard with a good deal of noise. Old Silas came out to see what was the matter.

"I-I-we-er-" he stammered, "oh, Lord, I surrender."

"Surrender?" shouted Miss Minnie Hepp, "where are the Bolshevists, the I. W. W.'s?"

At this moment Ezra Mills came running up.

"Wh-what's the m-matter?" he asked, trembling.

"I'm Miss Minnie Hepp," said the illustrious Chief of Police, "an' I've come for the prisoners."

"Them?" Old Silsa shouted, glancing at the waiting soldiery, "they're in the barn."

"To the barn!" Miss Minnie Hepp ordered. There was a grand melee, and the barn door was smashed down.

"Lord help us!" groaned Silas, "it was only locked. I've got the key in my hand!"

"Where are the prisoners?" The voice of Miss Minnie Hepp rose above the noise.

"In the barn. I'll show you," said Silas.

There was silence as Mr. Dobson unlocked a little door and, pointing to the two young men, said, "There they are!"

"Them?" It was the Captain of the soldiers who spoke.

"Why, that's Albert Carr, and this is my old friend Jim Barntley, both of the U. S. Secret Service Department!"

"What!" ejaculated Mills. "Those are 'Chuch' Mason an' 'Big Jim' Moran!" "Ha! Ha! Ha! laughed the Captain. "Show 'em your badges. See."

"Mr. Dobson," said Albert Carr, "don't you remember our agreement when the government sent us here to protect your new invention that you're going to sell to Uncle Sam? We agreed to pose as boarders, and save publicity,—and not to even breathe a word to your wife, and that you were to treat us as boarders?"

"Oh, yes," said Silas, "I'm so gol-darned absent-minded I clean forgot."

"By the way," said the Captain, "tell me, Albert, did you ever get back the Rolls Royce that 'Chuck' Mason and 'Big Jim' Moran stole?"

"Yes", said Carr, "it's out in the barn now."

A sudden thought flashed thru Ezra Mills brain. That newspaper was three weeks old when he received it! And in that time—the whole thing was cleared up.

* * *

In a little village in North Dakota lives a happy, prosperous old couple. They tell me that once, in the long ago, he said to her:

"Minnie, I'm a dismal failure."

"Ezra," she said, "so am I."

"Minnie," he said, "I was wondering-"

"Yes," said she, "so was I. Let's be happy failures."

E. Hickey.

The Pines

The birds are singing of the May,
The brook reflects the fawn,
'Tis sunset, and the shadows creep
Across the verdant lawn.
Amid the lingering sunbeams
All the land in splendor shines;
And towering o'er the other trees
Is yonder grove of pines.

Though other trees in freshet green
Are happy in the breeze.
Though little leaves play merrily
And dance among the trees,
The pines are tall, majestic;
Calmly, peacefully they rise,
Their tops wave gently, outlined
Dark against the sunset skies.

Though other trees are merry
In the Summer and the Spring,
With new leaves on their waving boughs,
Where birds oft fly and sing;
The pines are never changing,
With their dark and dreamy green.
Encircling them in summer,
And amid the snow drifts seen.

Oh stately grove of tall pine trees,
I love your summer shade;
I love to see you happy
In your evergreen arrayed;
For when winter winds are blowing,
Aswaying every tree,
You alone will keep your beauty,
Oh my tree of constancy.

-Erminie Huntress, '22.

South Mountain

Oh mountain of woods and of mysteries, Mother and keeper of secrets— Sage wise and youthfully petulant, All understanding and intimate, Tell me about thy straight children Tell me about thy swift shadows.

Gray in the hour of the dawning
Nestles the soft mist close to you,
Folds shadowy arms light about you
And kisses your brow in its freshness.
Oh, what are you dreaming of, Mother,
Mother and keeper of secrets—
The little birds stir their soft feathers
And pipe through the leafy gray silences,
Until the sweet lingering vapours
Shall vanish about your cool summit.

Heigh ho! the sun makes you happy!
Open your eyes and be glad about it
How you may laugh at the sun children
That play hide-and-seek with the tree leaves;
The wide-wakened squirrels chatter saucily
Saluting the sky through the tree tops.

-M. B. M., '21.

Bangor and Atlanta were playing the deciding game of the Northern league. Bangor had the best pitcher in the league, Lefty Locke, who at one time was the star portside twirler at Princeton. Manager Morgan of the Atlanta Club heard that Locke had pitched for a college and remembered the rule of the league which said, "No player that is attending any college can participate in the Northern League." He sent to the college and asked for a picture of Locke. When he received the picture he was amazed for it was the Bangor pitcher. The following day Locke pitched and held the visiting club to two hits until the sixth, when the visitors got two hits and put a run across the plate. It was the last of the eight. Bangor had a man on first and second with Johnson up, a fair hitter. He singled to right field. The man on second scored and the man on first went to third, and when the right fielder fumbled the ball, Johnson went to second. With one out and two men on, Crane bunted, and putting the winning run across Locke retired the opposing side in order.

A few days later Morgan called a meeting of the directors of the league and notified them that Locke was a college student. In the meanwhile Locke heard about the doings of Morgan and sent for his brother. When the next meeting was called the directors and managers were present. Locke was called before the board of directors. As the result of the investigation, they learned that it was Locke's brother.

Wm. Bridges.

Hair: Construction and Habits

There are several different classes of human hair, male hair, female hair, and horsehair. We shall leave out horsehair and take up the other two. Male hair is not very important. It has very few uses. Females use it to run their hands through and murmur silly nonsense to the stars, mechanics use it to run their hands through to obtain grease to lubricate their engines. Male hair can easily be recognized in the dark. If you are alone in an unlighted parlor and come in contact with a head of hair don't get excited and reveal all by saying in a tremulous whisper, "Is that you, Mable?" but begin to feel cautiously about. If you escape getting entangled in a net, miss being speared by a hairpin, avoid the rat behind his barrier of combs, you know you have encountered the male of the specie. An ancient way of recognizing male hair is by its shortness. This is rather difficult now because bobbed hair has been let loose. Especially if you run into male hair a la Greenwich Village. You would not know whether to stroke it or pull it. It really doesn't matter to make a distinction in this class of hair. Classify it as female and allow it to toddle its way.

Now it is necessary to dismiss female hair to satisfy the curiosity of male readers, also their ruffled locks. Female hair is like a mirrage—wonderful at a distance—but when you examine it in detail—poof, it's wonder fades into rats made of string, peanut shucks, love letters and violet perfume. The female hair must have a net to keep the little hair locks in their own yard. Making hair nets is profitable business. The average female hair requires a net twice a week,

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following Wednesday and Sunday nights. Female hair is always in a state of war with moonlight walks, canoes and automobiles. And it always loses. I never saw a female hair yet after a battle with a canoe withdraw in an untouched state. It refuses to retire without being fussed over for an hour or so. Then it must have rags, rubber bands, and scrap iron in it to preserve its appearance to the next day.

J. Hopper.

Bud

There was something decidedly wrong in the neighborhood. An oppressive calm, palpitating, foreboding, hung everywhere. It could not be ascribed to the weather conditions because, although it was hot, the sky was clear and a brilliant sun beamed down on the town. The fact of the matter was that the Williams' home was in a state of silence and peace that had never been equalled. The good people of the neighborhood, accustomed as they were to the depredations of the spirited Bud Williams, noticed this strange phenomenon with a feeling somewhat akin to awe. Bud, with his ten years of mischievous growth, had so long called forth the maledictions of angry citizens, that a state of quiet in his home somewhat terrified his harassed enemies.

The silence lasted but a few minutes however, for, Mrs. Williams, toiling over her dinner dishes, heard some hoarse commands mingled with pitiful wailings. Lifting up her hands imploringly, she rushed up stairs to find her erring son attempting to teach the cat how to swim in a bathtub nearly full of water. Another silence followed terminated by the heavy thuds of a hair brush and the shrill scream of a frightened Bud. A door banged, the screaming continued for a few agonizing moments and then died away. Quiet again, at least, for a few minutes, while, in the nearby back yards, mothers nodded in an "I told you so" way.

Mrs. McNutty over her rear fence voiced the opinion of all when she proclaimed, "I might have known it, when Bud Williams is not heard for more than a minute at a time, we can all fear trouble."

Robert Kenyon.

Valedictory—The Power of Music

Marion Patten, '21

Upon his throne sat Jupiter. Before him appeared the genius of spiritual man. "Divine Father," the spirit prayed, "give to man a better speech than he has, for he has but words to express his sorrow, his joy, his love."

"Have I not given him the tear?" answered Jupiter.

"Yes, but not even the tear can give utterance to the deepest feelings of the heart. Give him I pray thee, a speech that shall convey his meaning when he wishes to tell of his longing after the infinite and the inexpressible. Give him, O Father, a new speech, a speech for the heart."

At that moment, the music of the spheres announced the approach of the Muse of Song. Beekoning to her Jupiter said, "Go down to Man and teach him thy speech." So the Muse of Song came upon earth and taught men her harmonies. Such is the mythological story of the giving of music to man.

More authentic history tells that in ancient Greece, schools of music dotted the land, for, to the student of early days, music was an intellectual art as well as a source of emotion and pleasure. The Greeks counted no one educated who could not make music. The wise philosopher Plato taught that as gymnastic exercise is necessary to keep the body in health just so is musical exercise necessary to keep the soul in health.

Indeed Religion has no stronger ally. The history of music is closely associated with the history of the Christian Church. There are those who believe the church today would not be so great an uplifting force were it not for the purifying effects of the music in its worship. Christ Himself placed the seal of divinity upon music when He permitted the singing of a hymn at the Last Supper. Today no church service seems complete without the inspiring strains of the organ and the blended harmonies of the choir which combine to awaken kindly, divine thoughts. Oftentimes is the appeal of the music stronger than the sermon.

It is a significant thing that the leaders of men, even those who have had no practical knowledge of music, have been firm in the conviction that the power of music is so deep, so vital, so human, so necessary, that no other art can take its place. While it may move us to tears, it also makes us happy, it is a safety-valve for the human heart. It soothes and comforts grief-filled hearts, cheers the sad, and brightens the home where poverty and illness dwell. A cheerful song or stirring band eases labor and restores spent forces. The plantation negro forgot the scorching sun while humming his quaint melodies. The United States Government finds it an economy to keep a band playing while our sailors coal up a battle ship. The day may be ever so warm and sultry as they work hour after hour at the disagreeable task, yet the faces of the boys show no discontent, and an occasional snatch of song mingled with the music of the band proves the value of this experiment in lightening labor. "Music indeed wears off the rough edges of toil and of life."

Numerous are the captains of industry who have not merely given fortunes for the support of music, but who have spent valuable hours practicing upon some instrument, because they find something in the power of music so refreshing, so uplifting, so invigorating, that nothing else can take its place. For this reason, many of these men have introduced music into their factories, and we hear of bands, orchestras and choruses doing excellent work in many industrial plants throughout the country.

Prisons too, have organized bands and orchestras and the effect upon the men is little short of marvelous. It has been said that the city that spends money on public music and municipal concerts, needs less for jails and penitentiaries.

However it is perhaps in war that the power of music is most evident. Never has a great crisis risen in the history of any nation but the pent-up feelings of liberty, of justice, and of patriotism have found expression in stirring music. The

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Marseillaise and the Star Spangled Banner have won more battles than the greatest armies. Napoleon claimed that his defeat in Russia was due not to the size of the Russian army but chiefly to the Russian army music—the weird, barbaric tunes which roused those monstrous Cossack regiments to madness. War veterans tell us strange tales of the power of martial music. It inspires courage, makes heroes of cowards, and makes men forget fatigue, hunger, wounds, and suffering. When you can see soldiers and sailors marshalled for certain death, singing the national air, inspired by the strains of an orchestra or a band, you see music in its supremest endeavor.

We seldom think of music as a curative power, yet the therapeutic value of music was known even to the ancients, for we read, "And it came to pass when the evil spirit was upon Saul, that David took an harp and played with his hand. So Saul was refreshed and the evil spirit departed from him." In the sixteenth century, King Philip of Spain was cured of insanity by the famous singer, Farinelli. At the present time, war patients in Reconstruction Hospitals are being treated by music, especially those cases of nervous disorders and shell-shock. Certain kinds of music are prescribed for certain cases much as a phsyician prescribes medicine. Many of these interesting experiments are being carried on at John Hopkins University and the physicians of our country are so interested in the possibilities of music as a future cure for disease that a course of musicotherapy has been added to the curriculum of Columbia University.

Perhaps the war more than any other event has made us realize that, as a nation, we have not appreciated music as we should. The display windows of the average music store reveal an array of jazz music and songs, the majority of which if judged as other literature is judged, would be excluded from many a home and social circle where now they are only too welcome. We censor our moving pictures and our books but we overlook the literature of song which today is spreading an evil influence over our nation and lessening the power of young people to appreciate the inspiring, uplifting music of the symphony orchestra and of the chorus.

But we are awakening. We know that, after all, it is to the home and to the school that we must look for the cure. It is the womanhood of a nation that makes its ideals. It therefore lies in the power of the women of America to uplift music in the home; and, by proper training in the school, the community and nation will acquire of itself a higher, better standard. A public able to discriminate between the vulgar and the beautiful in art will discourage any attempt to violate the sanctity of one of Heaven's best gifts.

God sent his singers upon earth, With songs of gladness and of mirth, That they might touch the hearts of men, And bring them back to Heaven again.

Salutatory—"It was for All People"

Mme. Curie

Twenty-five years ago, thousands of tons of reddish powder were dumped from the uranium mines of Bohemia at the disposal of anyone who wished to cart it away. Hidden away in that dust were particles of what is now known as the most precious substance in the world, radium.

Most of us have heard about this mineral but few of us know much about the woman who discovered it. She was Madame Marie Curie and she has been raised from obscurity to national and even world fame. Madame Curie was born in Warsaw, November 7, 1867. Her father was a Polish Jew by the name of Ladislans Sklodowski, a professer at the university of Warsaw. Her mother was a Swede. In the first twenty-five years of her life, she studied and educated herself in her native city.

Those were simple, uneventful years. But when she had reached her twenty-fifth birthday, she went to Paris and took her first degree from the University of that city in 1893. Here most of her life work has been done. In fact, she calls Paris her home. Her intensive study increased her store of scientific knowledge and experience; and eventually she became associated with the famous X-ray investigator, Henri Becquerel. While engaged in important experiments with this noted scientist, she met and soon married Monsieur Curi, a French professor of chemistry. Together they gave their discovery of radium to the world in 1893.

Forgetting these dull facts of Madame Curie's life, let us consider the woman herself—her appearance and her personality.

She walks with the light, springy steps of youthful energy, but there is no youth in her face nor in her voice. Her hands show the toil of many years. Her rounded shoulders and slightly bowed head evidence a life-time of desk work. Madame Curie is a woman of rare intellect. She has a classical head. The high, broad forehead, the full temples and the generous back have the lines of an old Greek statue. But the face is not Greek. It has more feeling in it. Sorrow and pity are stamped upon her. Her eyes are the deep-set, cool, tragic eyes of the scholar. But when she speaks of France or of the battlefields where, in the employ of the French government, she fought for the lives of men, her eyes melt in pity, in understanding. Her very attitude is one of patience, of one who can wait and wait and wait. But she did not wait without purpose and without result, for it all ended in a glorious victory won through perseverance and patience.

Her discovery of radium was by no means accidental. It was the triumph of faith over hardships and the doubtings of men. Henri Becquerel had discovered that a certain ore, uranium, gave off peculiar photographic effects under the X-ray. So he turned the mineral over to Madame Curie, a well-known chemist, for investigation. After months and months of labor, after difficulties and trials, she discovered two unknown substances in the ore. One she named polonium in honor of her native country, Poland. The other she called radium, first noticed under the X-ray inspection.

Yet, when Madame Curie discovered radium, she made no attempt to patent the element; she never concealed any of her methods; she never obtained fees for information rendered. Others have made vast fortunes as a result of her discovery but she must today live on the modest salary of a professor at the Sarbonne in Paris. When she was asked what she would choose if the whole

world were at her feet, she answered without hesitancy, "A little radium with which to carry on my work."

That is the spirit of the mind that has dipped into the very depths of the earth for one of the healing secrets of God. In the United States alone, in the year 1918, sixty-five thousand four hundred and thirty lives were lost as a result of cancerous and malignant growths. As caustics have been used in the treatment of cancer, it is thought that radium may be used as a magic caustic, for radium has healing power when applied scientifically. But the war on cancer has just begun, for this mineral is only in the infancy period of investigation. What a saving of human lives there may be when radium has passed this experimental stage; for the French War Office has estimated that already fifty thousand men have been saved through the combined use of radium and the X-ray!

And to what do we owe all this? We owe it to the magnanimity, unselfishness, and glorious generosity of Madame Curie—to the woman who said, "I gave the secret to the world. It was not to enrich anyone. It was for all people."

Marion White.

"Small Farms and Large Plantations"

All of us have lofty aims and high ambitions, but how often they seem dim and far away, while the present with its petty cares and worries, its tiresome duties and obligations, presses in around us and holds us a prisoner in its dull but firm grey walls. If we could only break through these barriers, if we could only give our minds time and opportunity to wrestle with great problems, to study and learn great things! We have the courage and will power to master the difficulties that directly have to do with our chosen work, but there are so many unforseen trials and petty cares that have nothing to do with our mission in life, that seem to crowd in on every side and prevent us from doing the work we long to do. Instead of mastering some great economical problem facing our country, we are struggling to make both ends meet; instead of finding scientific reasons for the wonderful actions of nature, we find all our energies must be given to studies and duties we care little about; instead of working out successful plans of business management, we are, day after day, moving certain levers in a mill; instead of bringing happiness to hundreds of dreary souls, we are almost crushed beneath a burden, seemingly too heavy to bear.

Why are such obstacles in our way? At first we can see no reason; but let us stop and think for a moment. What great and noble task can be performed by one who is continually in debt? Can one bring comfort and cheer to hundreds of sorrowing men and women if he has not the strength to meet the same experiences they are facing? Can one manage men and women in a great business enterprise if he does not know the laboring class? Who can understand the working people better than one who has faced the same problems they face?

The task we long to do is great only because its completion will benefit mankind. Therefore we must know and understand the lives of our fellow men. This understanding can come only through experience. Do not think that the problems that so dishearten and discourage you do not also face other men and women. Read the lives of great men and you will be impressed with the common "everydayness" of their early years, their years of preparation. The same problems, the same temptations that confront us, confronted them. No matter how hard, how forbidding, how dreary our lives, just as hard, just as forbidding, just as dreary are the circumstances that faced them.

When he was only fourteen, Herbert Hoover earned his living in a real estate office. Like many young men of today, he earned his way through college. After having received his degree, he did not immediately take up some big engineering contract, but became a humble workman in a gold mine. John Muir, the great naturalist, lived the ordinary life of a pioneer lad on a Wisconsin farm. Because he longed for the knowledge that a plain pioneer did not possess, he read borrowed books, in secret, at odd moments snatched from his farm work. Because he loved mechanics and had to satisfy his thirst for invention, it was necessary for him to get up at one o'clock in the morning, for every moment of the ordinary day had to be spent as a common country boy would spend it. Murray Crane, born into a life of luxury and ease, realized that, if he would serve his fellow men, he must face the same problems they face, so he became a rag picker in his father's mill. Jane Adams, the great leader of settlement work in Hull House, was sent, like many of us, to school and college. She had to endure physical suffering and weakness like hundreds of others. Her people urged, and pleaded, and entited her in every possible way to stay at home amid a life of ease and comfort. But the great horror of the world's suffering and degradation impressed itself upon her spirit as it has impressed itself on many others, and she determined to do something to lessen it. What a common ordinary life Abraham Lincoln led! The same kind of life, the same problems that faced thousands of pioneers.

But the great difference between the life of these men and women and our life, is not their circumstances and environment, but the fact that they used these circumstances to make their characters true, and lovely, and capable of great deeds. The people he met, the work he did, the trials he had to bear, the difficulties he encountered, taught Abraham Lincoln the great lesson of how to live truly, nobly, fully. He was noted for the stories he told and the great truths he drew from them. All his stories were of the simple life around about him. So with the life of Jane Adams. In her struggle to make the great love of God fit in with the suffering and degradation of the world, she learned the fullness and the richness of mercy and love. So it is with all our lives. If we but use our problems, our trials, our difficulties, if we but use them in the right way, we will make our lives full, and rich, and beautiful.

It is from seeing how great men struggled, how they took the dull barren desert of their life and transformed it into a garden bearing a rich and beautiful harvest, that we gain the inspiration to cultivate our own barren and fruitless lives. But just as it has always proved a disaster to a country to have great plantations and no small farms, so it would prove to have all men great leaders and no men followers. To whom do we give the honor of winning the World War? Is it to those great leaders Foch, Pershing, Lloyd-George, Wilson and

signed a bill upon which his whole after life turned. This act provided for the

the creation of a State Board of Education whose duties were to give information

of the most approved methods of arranging the studies of children, so that all

might have the best education possible. The Board provided for the office of a

Secretary who was to give an annual report of the work of the Board with such

connection with the secretary-ship. In spite of his feeling of inadequacy and the

opposition which he knew he would encounter, he at length decided to accept

the office. He expressed his attitude in regard to the office by these words, "This

effort may do, apparently, but little. Yet the mere beginning of a good cause is

never little. If we can get this vast wheel into any preceptible motion, we shall

which he had trained, and in which he had been very successful in order to take

up an experiment. He stated upon the occasion of his withdrawal from the

Thus at the age of forty-one, Horace Mann abandoned a profession for

Mr. Mann had not for a moment dreamed that he would be considered in

Near the close of his legislative term, Mr. Mann, as President of the Senate,

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Clemenceau? Or to the boys, the boys who went across with hearts brave and true, ready to fight, to suffer, and to die, with a song on their lips and a great love and belief in the goodness of mankind in their hearts? Or to the people who had to stay at home, but who worked, and prayed, and saved, covering up their aching hearts with cheerful deeds of industry and thrift? It is to neither one class nor the other but to both. The war could not have been won without its great leaders, neither could it have been won without the kind of boys we had and the people who backed them,—without its great followers.

So it is in life. The world cannot advance in civilization and culture without the great leaders; neither can it advance without the common people. We cannot picture the world without its masons, carpenters, laborers, or even the humblest workmen who build our roads and clean our streets. They are all necessary. Every human being has his share in making the world better, happier richer. So, in the words of Henry Drummond, "Do not quarrel with your lot in life. Do not complain of its never ceasing cares, its petty environment, the vexations you have to stand, the small and sordid souls you have to live and work with. Above all do not resent temptation, do not be perplexed because it seems to thicken round you more, and ceases neither for effort, nor for agony, nor for prayer. That is your practice."

Jane Tolman.

Horace Mann's Contribution to Education

We, as citizens of Massachusetts, have always gloried in the fact that it was a group of Massachusetts men who established the first college in the United States. The Puritans founded Harvard, the oldest seat of higher learning in this country, primarily for the education and instruction of the clergy, the privileged few. It was left for Horace Mann, the one hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of whose birth we commemorate this year, to establish the first public school system in our State for the many.

The environment of his early life had a decided bearing on his future. From his parents, both of whom possessed superior intellect, he inherited a great love for knowledge and for books. He was at an early age inured to toil, because of the straightened circumstances of the family. Play-days were unknown to him; and no matter what he had to do, he never demurred. It was in this severe discipline that he formed habits of industry and earnest application which carried him thru the great labors of his later years.

Mr. Mann's early education was such as Massachusetts gave her sons a century and more ago. His teachers were good people but bad teachers. Books were few in number and their contents were meagre.

In his twentieth year Horace Mann became acquainted with a college preparatory teacher, under whose instruction, within six months, he fitted himself to enter the Sophomore Class of Brown University.

Upon his graduation from college with the highest honors, he took up the profession of law. As a lawyer he won success. Thru his ever-increasing popularity he was elected to the General Court.

As we look back upon the next generation we can see how unappreciative his client was. For he encountered both religious and political opposition. The

law, "Let the next generation be my client."

have accomplished much."

his client was. For he encountered both religious and political opposition. The religious opposition was very bitter toward the Board because no books on religion were tolerated in the public schools. The political opposition was much

more serious since an attempt was made to abolish the Board.

observations and criticisms as its experience might suggest.

To cope with the situation, Mr. Mann toured the State awakening the people to the need for education. A second tour proved the success of the first. The people were beginning to show their appreciation of the Board's work. The result of this was the establishment of three Normal Schools.

Thru the medium of the Normal Schools he hoped to make them a "new instrumentality in the advancement of the race." For Mr. Mann believed that if the qualification of teachers degenerated, free schools would become pauper schools, and the pauper schools would produce pauper souls.

Now, we Americans can boast that the pauper school has disappeared. In its place is the public school, the most democratic of all our institutions. And it is due to the devotion of Horace Mann that it has become what he strove to make it—the best school possible.

Ida R. Viale.

Universal Disarmament

Five years from today America could have the greatest navy afloat, the most powerful army, the best and swiftest airplanes and the most deadly and destructive chemicals and explosives in the world. She could amass billions in dollars and such a supply of materials and resources that she could never be starved. She would be feared by every nation on earth and none would dare to provoke her anger or even dream of warring against her.

Let us see what it has cost America for the army and navy she now has and then we may infer the tremendous price she would have to pay for this nation-wide supremacy. During the last decade the United States Government paid \$100,000,000 a year for her army and no less than \$123,000,000 a year for her navy. But the army and navy she has today are insignificant in comparison with the army and navy she would have to equip for world supremacy. To appropriate the vast sum needed would be to put our people under an even greater burden of taxation, to make the share of our income given to war and armaments even more out of proportion than it now is.

Why! only seven per cent. of the \$5,000,000,000 which our government collects in taxes is spent upon actual government. Of this the legislative, judicial, and executive branches receive three per cent. Three per cent. more covers the expenses of public works, river, harbor and road improvements and all our endeavors to build up the nation. One per cent., we, people of America, give to education and public health!

What has become of the other ninety-three per cent? War has claimed it! Think of it, ninety-three per cent. of our taxation is spent in payment for wars past, and in preparation for wars in the future! The national per capita tax in 1913 was \$6.75 while today it is \$50. Our indebtedness in 1913 was \$40. for every man, woman and child in this country, while today it is estimated at \$240. Do you see what such a supremacy would cost us? For the price of a single battle-ship, 1,000,000 acres of desert land could be reclaimed and for the cost of maintaining that ship, a city and railroad could be built upon this tract.

America has not complained, she has only groaned under this tremendous load. She is willing to pay almost any price for a lasting peace. If preparation for war will accomplish this end, then it is armament that we want. But how can it?

Would England ever allow any nation to threaten her supremacy of the seas, upon which her very existence depends, without exerting her every power to withold it? Would Japan quietly sleep while we built a navy which could wrest from her hands her insular possessions? No indeed! Both countries would keep their foundries and shipyards smoking day and night and just as sure as darkness follows daylight there would be another World War and with it the end of civilization.

Universal disarmament is the only means whereby the people of the world may be relieved of heavy taxation, and a lasting peace brought about. All our allies, as well as we ourselves, have agreed upon this point. Each country officially reports that it will disarm if the others will do likewise. Each is waiting for the other to lead the way.

America alone can safely make the first move toward a gradual and parallel disarmament of nations. England and France are so exhausted from the World War, in both men and money, that they could not effectively wage war upon us for at least ten years. Besides this, England is busy with Irish affairs and France with the occupation of Germany. Germany, Austria and Turkey are disamed and under conflicting forms of government. The military party of Japan is afraid to move for fear of a revolution and even if it could, China and Russia

would be upon it like hungry wolves trying to regain the territory which they lost to the Oriental Power. Italy is paying more taxes in proportion to its population than any other country and is on the verge of collapse. What other nations are powerful enough to harm us?

Why, even if our shores were invaded, the enemy could never succeed, for while he would be busy suppressing the East, the North, West and South would rise up and drive him from our shores!

But there is no need to consider foreign attack, for when the people of Europe see us, the wealthiest nation on the globe, relieved of the awful burden of armament, how long do you suppose their governments could keep on extracting these enormous taxes? Thus even if the word of our allies should prove false, the people of those countries would force them to disarm.

The future of the civilized world lies in the shallow of America's hand. The World is the court room, humanity and justice the plaintiff, war and destruction the defendant and America the jury. What is the verdict?

Donald Ferris.

The Rebirth of American Commerce

The keynote of the twentieth century is admittedly progress. In research, in discovery, in science, in industry, the world has made unprecedented strides. Progress, however, is not selfsustaining. It is, in fact, quite dependent on conditions. It is difficult to imagine a progressive nation without civilization, without natural and artificial resources. Indeed, our modern civilization and progress are largely a question of more complete and more powerful tools by which the control of natural forces may be directed toward benefitting mankind.

A nation which does not contain or, at least, control natural resources from which to fabricate tools must obtain these resources from other countries.

Trade, is a most important factor in the progress of a nation. England must have cotton to keep her mills running. England must have foodstuffs to feed her people. The island does not produce them in sufficient quantities, hence, they are sought elsewhere and trade is established. France must have raw materials for her mills. France must have food products to satisfy her needs. The country cannot produce enough, hence, trade is established. So it is with all the nations of the world; they are linked by a chain of ships.

To the United States, with its vast mineral wealth, with its broad acres, whereon are raised great supplies of raw materials, the future opens the door to commercial expansion and assured progress.

The commercial progress of this country, since the lethargy of our merchant marine during the last half of the nineteenth century, has been the result, not only of the untiring efforts to revive commerce through governmental backing, but also, of the unusual conditions which have existed during the last decade.

Early in the nineteenth century, as the infant nation strengthened its position as a rising power, the trading countries of the time saw that the United States was to become a commercial nation of no mean power and, indeed, at the close of the War of 1812, our merchant marine bid fair to become one of the

largest on the sea. With immence resources and limitless forests, our shipbuilders produced ship after ship. It was during this period that the Yankee clipper ships became known throughout the world. But the close of the Civil War marked a decided change. There came then the transition from wooden ships to iron and steel vessels, (while steam as a propeller came to the front). England with her highly developed iron industries soon out-distanced the United States whose iron resources were practically undeveloped. This period marked the greatest decline in the American Merchant Mraine that the country has ever experienced.

Late in the nineteenth century the importance of a merchant marine became more and more apparent, so that by 1900 the revival of the once famous American Merchant Marine was well under way. The purchase of the Panama Canal Zone and the immediate construction of the Panama Canal marked a decided advance. What the control of the sea lanes to Canada, India and Australia is to Great Britain, the Panama Canal is to our nation.

With the outbreak of the Great War and the subsequent curtailing of Allied shipping, the commercial growth of the United States leaped forward with a bound. The participation of the United States in the war has had much to do with the spectacular growth of the Merchant Marine. As the pressing need for ships was answered by the United States and vessel after vessel was produced in an increditably short time, the world realized that our country was again stepping into line as a leader in the commercial world.

Here was progress, the stupendous development of a merchant marine which would be the pride of the nation. From a shameful dependence on foreign countries for carrying on her commerce, this nation, in a few short years, produced a merchant marine handling not only her own trade but that of other nations as well.

With the close of the war, the general dislocation of commerce and trade amid which the nations found themselves, stimulated much activity in the trade world. As conditions have gradually changed, a keen rivalry has sprung up among the nations, steadily increasing, until, today, every nation of any size is an ardent competitor for commercial supremacy. Trade, today is being fostered systematically; each nation is using improved methods of trade expansion and new policies of trade strategy have been introduced.

The cessation of the war found the United States the leading creditor nation of the world. It also found the ports of South America—of Argentina, Brazil and Chile, among the busiest in the world. South America has become the Mecca of world trade and it is the United States that must take the lead in bringing about friendly political, as well as commercial relations with our Southern neighbors.

This country, today, under the supervision of the National Chamber of Commerce is striving to become the leading power in the commercial world. Harbors are being constructed; shipping is being encouraged; investigations are being carried on and, in every way, efficiency in trade is being promoted. On the Atlantic, on the Pacific, on the Gulf, on the Great Lakes, and western rivers, and on every sea, the American Merchant Marine is becoming known. With proper laws and regulations and with the backing and support of the

government, there is no reason why remarkable progress should not be a permanent one.

Robert Kenyon

Class Statistics of June 1921

Prettiest girl	Betty Harder
	Bruce Humphreville
	Evelyn Gregory
	Marion Patten
Cleverest girl	Janet Burt
	Robert Kenyon
	Mildred Higgins
Cutest boy	Thomas Killian
Best girl dancer	Lila Chandler
Best boy dancer	Robert Peck
	Katherine Drennan
	Roland Barnfather
	John Hopper
	M. Marsh
	Frances Fowler
Average girl's height	5 ft. 4 in
Average girl's weight	
Tallest girl	
Shortest girl	
Heaviest girl	
Lightest girls	Mary Linnehan—Helen Keefe, 97 lbs.
Average boy's height	
Average boy's weight	140 3-4 lbs.
Tallest boy	
Shortest boy	Henry Barber, 5 ft. 6 in.
Heaviest boy	
Lightest boy	Francis Hynes, 110 lbs.
Average length of boy's hair	3 in.
Longest girl's hair	Elizabeth Cooke, 1 yd. some inches.
Shortest girl's hair	Elaine Gamwell, 5 in.
Longest boy's hair	Several are 6 in.
Shortest boy's hair	Bertrand Jacobs, 1-2 in.
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The Chronicles of Pittsfield High School Book 1921, Chapter II

1. Now it came to pass, that in those days there came to the House of Pitt, a mighty multitude of freshmen.

- 2. And all those, who were called Sophomores did rejoice, and they did come together in secret assembly saying "We must make war on this unruly generation."
- 3. Then, behold, there were many wars, in the school and on the Common.
- 4. Now after a time the freshmen did desire a sleighride, and lo, it was so, even as they desired it.
- 5. And when they had come to the Lake, yea even unto Pontoosuc, and the Boat Club, there they feasted and made merry.
- 6. And they did return about the first watch of the next day.
- 7. Now, when the whole tribe had slept many nights and they were no longer wearied:
- 8. Then did appear unto the House of Pitt, the Freshmen Dramatic Club.
- 9. And behold, they gave a play, good to look upon in the sight of their fathers, even at the Boys' Club.
- 10. And then did all the tribe journey to the cool waters, yea even unto Richmond Pond.
- 11. And they did eat cold sandwiches and pickles—howbeit, the mosquitos feasted on warm blood.
- 12. Nevertheless, all proclaimed in a mighty voice, saying, "It is good for us to be here."
- 13. And then it came to pass that the time was come when the House of Pitt was once more assembled, for it was the season of the harvest.
- 14. And the freshmen of yesteryear did receive those who were now become freshmen.
- 15. And, behold, the Germans had raised the flag of truce, and all the people in our land did raise the song of victory.
- 16. But the whole city, yea, all the country was sore troubled, for there was no fuel.
- 17. So all the tribes and bands must needs forbear from studying for a time.
- 18. Howbeit, the tribe of '21, did desire a King to rule over them.
- 19. And they named one, Harvey A. Brownell saying, "Be thou King over us."
- 20. And all the House of Pitt were exceeding astonished at the marvelous deeds of '21.
- 21. Then in the fullness of time, another class was graduated and another tribe of freshmen came into the land.
- 22. And all the tribe of '21 took counsel, saying, "Who now shall lead us?"
- 23. Then was one, Henry Barber chosen king, and charged to maintain order.
- 24. But the fates were not propitious until the time of midyear examinations, when there was heard much weeping and gnashing of teeth.
- 25. And when the tribe had assembled, John T. Hopper was called to rule over them and to assist him, Thomas Killian and two others.
- 26. Then did some of the tribe desire a theatre party, and it was even so.
- 27. Then there came wars and rumors of wars.
- 28. And it came to pass that some said, "The tribe hath need of another King," but others said, "Nay, not so."
- 29. And King Hopper was victor.

- 30. Then came those who were to leave in June, saying "Make ready the Dance."
- 31. And all the tribe of '21 did work, even as they had not labored before that day.
- 32. And they said, "Let there be music, on the horn and on many stringed instruments, yea, and on curious instruments."
- 33. And to the Seniors, they gave tickets, but to all others they sold tickets for one dollar fifty.
- 34. And they made merry, to lighten the hearts of those who left the House of Pitt.
- 35. Then was the tribe of '21 called once more and given the title of Seniors that the freshmen might fear them.
- 36. And then was Mr. Leonard, yea, even he that is called "Shake," chosen advisor.
- 37. For those who rule said, "These children hath much need of goodly counsel."
- 38. And at the self same hour was Donald, son of Ferris, crowned King.
- 39. Now after there had come snow upon the earth, there was a sleighride even unto Hinsdale, towards the rising of the sun.
- 40. (For there were those among them who saw the sun of the next day as it rose over them.)
- 41. And when these things were accomplished, there came trouble among those who went before, even among the class of Feb., 1921.
- 42. For they must needs present a play, but they were lacking actors.
- 43. And there were called from the tribe of '21 many skilled in acting.
- 44. And, when they had made an end of acting and those who went before had graduated, the tribe of '21 did ponder weighty thoughts.
- 45. For they were no wealled Senior A's, and must needs choose the last King.
- 46. And the ruler of beforetime, yea, Donald Ferris, was again crowned to be their King.
- 47. And Shipton, even he called Clifford was his lieutenant.
- 48. And his scribe was Ida, yea, Ida Viale.
- 49. Then did Marion Patten keep the purse.
- 50. And, lo, when all things were in readiness, the House of Pitt did gather at the Temple even at the Home of the Masons.
- 51. And there arose a joyful noise, yea from many sweet instruments.
- 52. That it might be fulfilled that was spoken by the prophets of old saying,
- 53. "Behold, each class shall have a Senior Dance, even according to estom."
- 54. Even as it is written in the Book of the House of Pitt, which is the Student's Pen.
- 55. And they made an end of dancing about the first watch.
- 56. Now even as tradition hath decreed, the tribe must needs give a play.
- 57. And on the appointed day, came those who had been chosen to act, clad, some in beautiful raiment and some in curious garments.
- 58. So that all the people who were gathered to see their sons and daughters did laugh and shout with exceeding great joy!
- 59. And there were other things which were done by the tribe of '21.

- 60. For there was one, Dolphin, known as "Joe," yea, even Joe the mighty, and he did exceeding marvelous things in the games.
- 61. And behold there were also Capt. DuBlois, and Jacobs, and Burns, called by all "Rog," and Hall, he of the fleet foot, and an exceeding great multitude of others, all renowned by reason of their deeds.
- 62. And there were also Kenyon, the editor of the mighty "Student's Pen," and Killian, yea Tommy, the manager.
- 63. And there were many more who were of the lineage of '21 who wrought great deeds.
- 64. For verily the tribe of '21 is a mighty tribe and yea, it hath found favor in our sight.
- 65. Oh, long live the House of Pitt, and the memories of the tribe of '21.

Wm. H. Cole, '21.

"Striking" "Pay Dirt"

Not so very long ago, class mates, a very strange adventure happened to me. I did not mention it until now because I feared that if it became known, I would suffer much unpleasant publicity. It all happened in this way.

I have a cousin in Springfield whom I visit now and then. Last month was the occasion of my latest visit, and it was during this time that I had the adventure I am going to tell you about.

Ruth (my cousin) and I had heard that a man was going to "loop the loop" over Pratt Field. Naturally, we must see the exhibition. In due time we reached the Field. We were wandering about among the large crowd and examining the huge machine which was being made ready for the flight, when I felt a touch on my arm and a voice exclaimed:

"Why hello, Gregg." Turning, whom did I find at my side but John Hopper. We talked and joked for awhile and then John suggested that we go nearer the plane and see how it worked.

There was a man standing by it who seemed to be giving directions to several mechanics. John spoke to him and asked him how the machine worked. The aeronaut was very pleasant and asked John to sit in the driver's seat while he explained the controls to him. I, too eager for once, desired to be on the explanation and climbed into the passenger's seat.

"See. To start it you pull that lever," said the man, standing outside and pointing at a long black rod.

"This one?" asked John putting his hand on it.

"Look out," shouted the man.

Too late! Horror of horrors! John had used his pull too often! The machine began to move, bumping jerkily over the ground and scattering the crowd in all directions.

"Help", shouted John, as he excitedly tried different levers in a futile attempt to stop the plane's mad rush.

Alas! I nearly fainted. Instead of stopping, the machine gathered speed



and—my head grew dizzy. The plane leaped into space. Higher and higher we rose sailing this way and that, just like a bat. Soon it would be all over I thought. A breath-taking plunge—then blackness. Good heavens! It was tumbling to earth now.

"Stop it. Stop it, John. Remember, we graduate next month, I cried."

"Stop it? I wish I could!" shouted John. "Oh Ev, if I ever escape from this I won't care if I never graduate. I'll study history from now until doomsday and never make another speech in all my life in the bargain." Down—down!

The earth rushed to meet us.

* * *

"Oh, Ev! Ev!" A weak voice aroused me from my wanderings in the endless night. I opened my eyes fearfully and gazed about. I was lying on a couch in my cousin's home and John, very white but still recognizable, sat in a Morris chair opposite me. My cousin was watching us both.

"Gee, Ev!" said John trying to look "Merry Christmas and Happy New Year." "I thought you would never wake up. My but we're lucky. Plane all smashed to pieces and we escaped with nothing but a good shaking up."

"Good shaking up—nothing," I cried in anger. "I feel as though I've broken every bone in my body and I know I've been scared out of a year's growth."

"Cut out the nonsense, Gregg. You ought to be glad you're alive. Say, you know I had the queerest dream. I dreamed that twenty years had passed, and I saw what everybody in our class was doing."

"So did I. That's funny." I said.

"What was your dream like?" John asked.

"Why I also dreamed about what the members of our class will be doing twenty years from now." said I.

"You see it was like this, I was in Washington listening to a debate between Congressmen Shipton and Barnfather. Clifford was in a great state of rage denouncing the 18th amendment, enforcing prohibition, and demanding its repeal, while Roland with still greater zeal was upholding it. Suddenly the scene shifted to a committee room filled with eminent women among whom I saw K. Cary, Katherine Drennan and Helen Keefe. Yes and there was Eleanor Mapletoft addressing those learned people and advocating the repeal of the suffrage amendment. I drifted out into the street and there on a large sign I read, "Thomas Killian, the great discoverer of the only extract ever extracted from an extracted extract." I called at the office but Mr. Killian had left that morning for Mars, and so, on I went. I chanced to meet little Celia Davis who informed me that she and Charles DuBlois had gone into business together. Charlie was a lion tamer. While he held the lion's mouth open she fed it steak. I inquired about various members of the class. She told me that Alice Sheerin had become a snake charmer and was playing that week in the same theatre with them. Somehow or other I landed in the slums of New York. As I was passing a building I glanced in the window; a large portrait of Harvey Brownell draped the wall. Under the picture was inscribed. "The greatest social leader in the east side of New York.' I excaimed, "How that boy has changed." My attention was



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Dalton Branch: UNION BLOCK drawn to a clanging sound. I followed it and entered a huge dance hall. To my surprise there was Margaret Pease not only shaking her shoulders, but also her fellow.

On a table in the dance hall was a "Literary Digest." I picked it up and on the first page was a picture of an immense bridge. I saw a name, familiar. Great Heavens! Hugo Bornak had constructed a bridge across the Atlantic from New York to Paris. On the next page was an account of an airplane. George Conway was the owner and inventor. He conveyed people around the world in ten hours. How wonderful these boys had become.

Suddenly a man accosted me and exclaimed, "Do you wish to join the Cheerful Squad?" The voice seemed familiar. Under a massive beard I recognized G. Layden I immediately inquired what he meant and this is what he told me. Roger Burns was the leader of a new sect. They were canvassing from state to state for members. Their motto was "Smile, it won't hurt."

I laughed and went on my way. I wandered over to a beach and there posing before a camera for the Mack-Sennett Comedy was the intrepid Gertrude Cole, and who was on a tight rope balancing herself with a Japanese parasol but Helen Cooke.

I was so shocked at these sights that I immediately fled to the center of New York. On Wall Street, I saw busy Henry Barber gambling millions and a busier Winton Patnode, managing Henry's affairs. I'll bet Henry came out fine in the end.

A little farther up the street was a large beauty parlor run by the Misses Stodden, Leonard and Higgins. The advertisement read, "Old dames welcome! Come in, we'll make you young again. Everything from hairpins to corn plaster."

I next entered a large theatre where the actresses and actors were rehearsing. George Clough was directing them. I think it was the Hippodrome. Here I saw wonderful acrobatic stunts. Yes, there was Jakie Aaronson holding on one hand, in the air, Elaine Clug, and on the other Vera Cushman. Edith Baker had an organized jazz band accompanying the stunts.

I quickly took leave of this hair raising show and was not long on Broadway when I felt myself being led by some guiding hand. Who was it but B. Humphreville looking for members for Cliff Heather's show "Girlies." Among the members of the troupe, Bruce said, were the following striking girls; B. Olsted, E. Cooke, B. Aronstein, N. Marcotte, G. Musgrove, B. Weir and E. Tone.

Again I was whisked up Broadway until I saw that I was at the Circle. Here I bumped into M. White. She grabbed me and asked me to come to her theatre. The play she was producing was "The Little Lady with the Brown Eyes." Those taking part were Marion Mattoon, who played a sad role and B. Rowan who entranced all men with her Juno like beauty. Charlotte Wilson did a toe dance and was accompanied on an organ by Beatrice Callahan. Marion handed me a newspaper which was entitled "The Stockbridge Journal." On the first page was the picture of the candidate for mayor. It was Ora DuBlois and for district attorney was E. Eldridge. I imagine that those girls were going to run that city.



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Once again out on the street, I stood still trying to gather my thoughts together. There standing in line trying to procure a 25 cent dish pan for 10 cents was Mary Linnehan and out on the curbstone was Austin Gaylord minding all of Mary's little lambs.

I also found out that Dorothy Brown and Irene Bliss were in charge of a free lunch. All those could eat who had an honest face.

I wandered out into the suburbs of the city and there in a distance was a large brick structure. Upon coming closer I saw a young woman among children. One of the youngsters had wandered away. I saw her and gladly returned her to the young woman, who was none other than Carolyn Cooper who had founded the institution, an Orphan Asylum.

She informed me that Lila Chandler had sailed the day before for China, where she was to assist the Rev. Harris Hall in converting the heathen.

I drifted into the country and how I arrived there I can't tell you, but coming along riding on a mule was Frances Fowler. She was much stouter. Frances said that she was on her way to the postoffice to get her mail from her husband, Francis Hynes who was a travelling salesman. Frances informed me that you, John Hopper, were head farmer on her estate and took good care of her while Francis traveled. I asked her if she knew anything about V. Gilmartin. She said that Vivian passed her house many times with a great crowd of girls. She was a girl's scout leader.

I immediately departed from Frances and when I turned about Donald

2 Delicious Butters 2

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McDonough faced me. He was on his way back to Smith College where he was a professor of mathematics.

I was next dropped in front of a club on one of the large streets in New York. I heard a terrible rumbling noise. Who should land at my feet but Don Ferris, he had been lightly thrown out of his club for trying to mislead the other members with a bottle of vanilla.

At that moment John interrupted me by saying, "Ev, for Pete's sake, lay off, lay off. The doctor said to keep you quiet if you were to come out of your trance. Here I've let you talk like a phonograph, gone mad. Now listen Gregg, have a heart and let me get a little of my dream out of my system before I forget it all."

I dreamed that William Barnes was a matince idol He was adored by all the old women who think themselves young and all the flappers who think themselves old, in New York. The paper says he receives a trunk full of violet scented letters a day, and he spends his mornings wrapped in a pale orange dressing gown, reading them while smoking a Violet Milo.

Elaine Gamwell was taking care of old ladies in the old ladies home. All the women have a good word for her. They say she is so quiet and patient, and she never goes out with young men as the other nurses do.

She told me with tears in her eyes about New York which is reputed to have the liveliest bunch of chorus girls in the country. They are full of life, and "Shimmy." Among the names mentioned of the cast were Esther Abrahams,

Charlotte Clifford, Katherine Drennan, Charlotte Hodges, Florence Palmer and Irene Messier. These girls do a special dance entitled, "The P. H. S. Follies." Charlotte Clifford taking the leading part.

James Bramble and Henry Ford were as thick as two Fords in a junk pile. People say that "Hen" took to "Jim" because, among other things, "Jim" showed him how to get six people comfortably in a Ford and have a lovely time, and also to run without gasolene.

"Ev" you were an English professor in Smith's College. You had written two books and become famous by them. One of them was "How to Speak Without Using Slang." The other was "Personal Experiences with a President."

Janet Burt invented a new kind of Vanilla Extract made up of materials she thought necessary from personal experience. She is making loads of money. Therefore this motto: "All people who buy Vanilla Extract don't use it for cooking."

Stanley Clarke is a great lecturer. He lectures on "How to get through High School in four years."

Clarence Wheeler and Bertrand Jacobs, two well known authorities on fcotball have a difference of opinion. Clarence says the best way to win a football game is to sit on the opposing players while Bertrand says ram 'em with your head.

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bull dogs like Norman Shippey and Lawrence Elsesser command the army. Norman is in favor of waging a naval battle with Switzerland but Lawrence says it would be better to attack Ireland first. He thinks the use of bricks as articles of warfare should be discontinued.

Marion Cooke and Gladys Olsted waged a terrible struggle in Congress. They declare that Votes for Women should be abolished. "Women's place," they say, "is at home and not gadding about to this club and that club, losing their feminity by taking up such masculine exercise as running, jumping, basket ball, chinning the bar, etc.

The judge examined two of our old class mates, "Bill" Cole was up for speeding. He went to a party and drank too much lemonade, and coming home he tried to make his bicycle "toddle." The other case is a bad one. "Art" Dansereau has been charged by many irate neighbors that the smoke from his pipe makes their lace curtains dirty. The judge recommended that "Art" get a smaller pipe—one he could carry—and go out into the country when he desired to smoke.

Elizabeth Harder gives advice to the world on "How to stop your dear friends from drinking."

"Joe" Dolphin ran a barber shop. "Joe" says that the best way to eliminate the trouble of shaving is to let 'em grow.

There was a great Evangelist preaching in P. H. S. not long ago. He exposed the evils of modern dancing and exhorted the students to retire at nine o'clock Some one said his name was Bob Peck. I wonder if it is so.

In the city of Springfield there was a very peculiar firm. It styled itself thus: "Humphrey & Nesbit. Expert advice on fellows, girls should know."

Here I felt like weeping. One of our dear members had departed from our midst. O no not dead, but just wandering that's all. Imagine "Bob" Kenyon a "Weary Willie." Evelyn Mapletoft the great woman reformer, has tried to convert him but "Bob" refused to be converted. It was rumored he was disappointed in love.

Myra Kimball wrote a wonderful book which is read by young girls all over the country. The name of the book is "Prince Charming."

I went into another barber shop to get my nails manicured. A woman with dark hair, dressed in the height of Paris fashion came forward.

"Ah! M'sieu! Vous weesh to have ze fingannails cut, eh? Zen, come avec moi."

"Elizabeth McLaughlin!" I shouted, "How did you get that way?"

Elizabeth told me a lengthy story and then took me to her assistant, Evelyn Lear.

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed Evelyn.

Then Marion Patten came into view. Poor Marion was having a terrible time posing for a statue of "The Musical Nymph," sculptured by Walter Reagan. Still Walter says Marion makes a very good model for his statue. He says it will be placed in the Hall of Fame along side the statue of "The Toe Dancer"

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PITTSFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

sculptured from the model Jane Tolman, and the statue of "The Butterfly" posed by Dorothy Somes.

Sadie Levin appeared as a competent officer connected with the New York Central R. R. She was very valuable as she had much acquaintance during her high school days with the B. & A., and now profits by the mistakes they made. She has Elizabeth Lockwood as her assistant.

Florence Fitch and Thelma Wilmarth invented a new drug solution from which they are becoming wealthy, being able to afford poodle dogs and husbands. The solution is known as the Fitch Shampoo. Keeps hair blonde without the ruinous effects of peroxide. A boon to womankind.

"Peggy" Marsh and Ida Viale ran a chicken farm. "Peggy" composes sonnets on "My little Red Hen" while Ida, the secretary keeps track of the eggs, "laid for gentlemen."

Then John stopped and looked at me.

"Gee, wasn't it great, Ev." he said. "I'd like to take a trip like that every day if I could get out of it so luckily."

"It may suit you all right. But as for me, I've lost my beautiful voice I've been saving for the grand opera, and scared out of a year's growth. Nothing doing for me.—No siree!!!

Evelyn Gregory John Hopper.

SCHOOL NOTES

Senior A Notes

Nearly every day the Senior A's are summoned from their studies to attend a class meeting. But these class meetings are very important for it is there that we discuss all matters pertaining to the best graduation that P. H. S. has ever known.

The graduation exercises will be held on June 28th. On that night about one hundred Seniors will receive their diplomas. Six speakers have been selected from the Pro Merito list. By the way have you noticed the long honor list? Practically one third of the Class are on it.

Another matter of great importance to Seniors is the Class banquet. Under the efficient direction of Henry Barber we expect the banquet to be the most successful one that Pittsfield High School has ever known. On that night the class historian will tell us of the wonderful deeds that this class has done in the past; and the class prophet will reveal our promising future; the statitician will tell us many interesting facts about ourselves on that eventful night.

I. R. V. '21.

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Commercial Notes

The Senior B Class gave the Senior A's a theatre party on Monday evening, June 6th at the Majestic. There were fifty in the party including the guests,—Mr. and Mrs. Wraught and Mrs. McCubbin and the chaperones—Miss Nelson, Miss Mangan and Miss O'Brien. After the play, through the kindness of Mr. Morton, manager of the theatre, the entire party met the members of the caste, on the stage.

The Senior play, "No Trespassing," was so successful that it was repeated on Friday evening, June 10th, for the benefit of the Athletic Association.

At a Junior A class meeting held recently, Isaac Harmon was elected president, Harriet Bligh, vice-president and Carolyn Chown, secretary and treasurer.

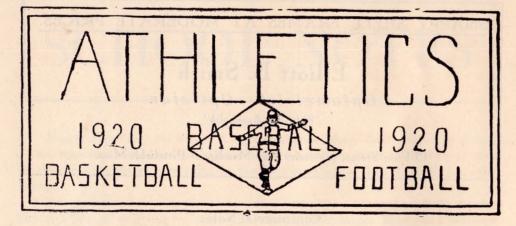
The following certificates for proficiency in typewriting have been awarded:

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Bertha Evzerow	Net	Speed	 .26.5
Catharine Hunt			
Ida Newton	. "	"	 .29.7
Hope Otis		"	
Dorothy Rose	. "	"	 .32.2
Ella Rosenblum	. "	"	 .24.7
Lillian Rubin			

Underwood

Mabelle Brehaut	.Net	Speed.	o lac	43.5
Doris Cobb				
Oveline Decelles	. "	"		.41.8
Edna Kirchner		"		45.2
John Lamoureaux				
Nora Perry	. "	"		60.9



Pittsfield High 10-St. Joseph's of Pittsfield 5

Pittsfield High held its lead in the North Berkshire League by defeating its rival St. Joseph's at Wahconah Park 10 to 5. The contest was much closer than the score would indicate. Throughout the game the lead changed hands and Pittsfield went to bat in the ninth one run behind. In this inning, however, Pittsfield scored six runs on six hits and an error, cinching the game. Crown and O'Brien turned in some neat fielding while DeBlois with four hits led in hitting.

Batteries: Pittsfield High, Garrity and DeBlois; St. Joseph's, Meehan and Conlin.

Dalton 6-Pittsfield 5

Dalton High defeated Pittsfield High 6 to 5 at Dalton. It was the first defeat for Pittsfield High. The game was interesting throughout, Dalton winning in the ninth inning by scoring two runs. Connors hit well for Dalton while Jacobs and DeBlois each made three hits for Pittsfield.

Batteries: Dalton, Gilbert and L. Depew; Pittsfield, Garrity and DeBlois.

Pittsfield High 5-St. Joseph's of Pittsfield 2

Pittsfield High showed a return to form after being defeated by Dalton and trounced St. Joseph's High 5 to 2 at Wahconah Park. Both pitchers twirled well but St. Joseph's fielded poorly behind Meehan while Pittsfield played snappy behind Garrity. The hitting and fielding of McNaughton featured.

Batteries: Pittsfield, Garrity and DeBlois; St. Joseph's, Meehan and Conlin.

Dalton High 10-Pittsfield High 0

Pittsfield High put up a lifeless exhibition against Dalton High losing 10 to 0 at Wahconah Park. Pittsfield only made two hits and fielded poorly while Dalton played finely.

Batteries: Dalton, Connors and L. Depew; Pittsfield, Garrity, Garnish and DeBlois.

Pittsfield 3—Drury 0

Pittsfield High playing fine baseball defeated its old rival Drury High at North Adams 3 to 0. The Pittsfield High boys put up a great exhibition, fielding great behind the fine pitching of Garrity. O'Brien drove in all of Pittsfield's runs with two clean hits.

Batteries: Pittsfield, Garrity and DeBlois; Drury, Erickson and Kelly.

Pittsfield High 12-St. Joseph's of North Adams 5

Pittsfield High defeated St. Joseph's High of North Adams 12 to 5 at North Adams. Pittsfield High outplayed St. Joseph's all through the game. The hitting of Weltman, DeBlois and Bridges and the fielding of O'Brien featured.

Batteries: Pittsfield, LeBarron, Graves, Garnish and DeBlois; St. Joseph's, Walsh and Benoit.

Pittsfield High 15—Lee High 4

Pittsfield High defeated Lee High on the common 15 to 4. The game was listless, Pittsfield having everything its own way. Home runs by Bridges and O'Brien featured.

Batteries: Pittsfield High, Garrity, Graves, DeBlois, Boyd and Crown. Lee, Ingram, Hayes and Milton.

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Pittsfield High 9-Williamstown High 7

Pittsfield High journeyed to Williamstown Memorial Day and defeated Williamstown High 9 to 7. Williamstown put a good brand of baseball and proved stiff opposition. In the eighth inning they tied the score but in the ninth Pittsfield scored two runs winning the game.

Batteries: Pittsfield High, Garrity, LeBarron and DeBlois; Williamstown, Upton and Prindle.

Pittsfield High 24—Adams High 8

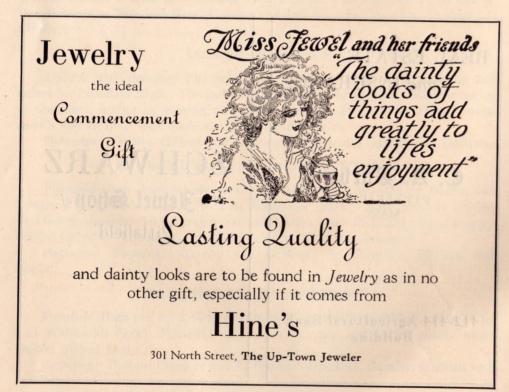
Pittsfield High and Adams High engaged in a slugging bee on the common, Pittsfield winning 24 to 8. DeBlois, Bridges and Jacobs connected for home runs while every member of the team hit hard. Adams High hit hard at times but could not make the hits count.

Batteries: Pittsfield, LeBarron, Garrity and DeBlois; Adams, Searles, McInerny and Rooney.

A Funnygram

Sadie:

Come immediately. Kiltz's garage gone up in smoke. Men throwing bags of grain, lamp-chimneys, boxes of bread, etc. recklessly around. Need your excellent organizing abilities. Come anyway for the grape-smash they're handing out. It's very good.





I guarantee that Clifford K. Shipton is cognizant of, and possessed of sufficient ability and vocabulary to give any statistics, facts, or assumptions, in Ancient or Modern History of England, Pittsfield, or the United States.

Mrs. Bennett.

I believe that the Latin division of the present Senior Class is a very illustrious one. I am firmly convinced that they will surely be able when in schools of higher learning to recognize a future tense when they see it. Surely some of them should know how to pronounce Virgilian proper names.

W. D. Goodwin.

To whom it may concern:

This certifies that the members of the Senior A class have been in my class of History and Civis and that they have been attentive, honest, and studious. I recommend them to any one who wishes diligent, hardworking young people.

Mrs. Bennett.

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Phone 1984-J for Appointment

Agricultural Bank Annex 20 Fenn Street and 15 Dunham Street, Pittsfield, Mass. Dear Sir:

In reply to your letter of the 5th asking me to recommend the June class of 1921. I fear that I have little encouragement for you. I have often heard that it is a brilliant class but never in my experience have I had much evidence of that fact. I have found that all pupils have brains, but the members of the P. H. S. '21 class certainly have very few, at least, if they have, they don't use them. The girls are the most talkative and the boys are the laziest, that I have ever seen. They are absolutely devoid of humor. I know because I have cracked jokes in class that have gone right over the pupils heads. Nevertheless, it is a fairly good class, so to speak.

F. E. Leonard.

To whom it may concern:

I have known Winton Patnode, during his four years in Pittsfield High School and recommend to any position, in which a knowledge of mathematics is not required. I have taught him all I know, and now, at the end of four years, he knows nothing. I will add he has generally attained the mark of E or F in that subject. (The E for Excellent, and F for Fine.)

Chas. B. Sylvester.

Mr. James Bramble:

Have bought a second-hand Ford. Please write and tell me what to do now? B. T. Humphreville.



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to give good values to our customers-We are always trying to give the most for the money-always endeavoring to give careful and courteous attention to each and every person who comes into our store. Our long list of pleased patrons shows that we have been well rewarded for the giving of good service and best quality at reasonable prices. Pittsfield people have found that it is both pleasant and profitable to buy hardware and housewares

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Dear Sir:

I wish to recommend to you a certain young man whom I believe is a very

diligent youth.

As you have been having considerable trouble with your steam boilers lately. I feel that you may find this young man, namely Mr. John Hopper very capable in replacing them.

Mr. W. J. Hayes.

Miss Gladys Olsted:

Come at once, Janet Burt has been arrested by Miss Morse for speeding through the corridor with muffler open.

Alice Sherin.

Wm. J. Hayes,

Room 13.

Send all boys to the auditorium on four bells—The Office.

I. Viale.

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M. Higgins.

To Mr. Strout—(on 4-A Class meeting morning).

Hopper had nothing to say in an argument. Please advise of first aid methods.—Vice-President.

C. K. Shipton.

Miss Florence Fitch:

Have seen your recent work of art as exhibited in Room 14. Would advise Greenwich Village. It is not necessary to cut the hair but is more professionally artistic. Wish you success.

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Class Statistics for Margaret Pease

Peggy Marsh

Friends, classmates, scholars,—lend me your ears; I come to speak to you but not to praise you. 'Tis your follies are most interesting—
Your good is buried in the school records;
Enough said, so bear with me. The custom of classes Hath decreed that class statistics
Must be read on the night of the banquet,
And dutifully have we answered it.
But, as examinations, necessary for the future,
Have pressed upon our time,
The poet of your worthy class
Has put the votes in rhyme.

Note—The pounds and inches of the more prosaic statistics failing to adjust themselves to meters, are expressed in frank prose.

The average girl's height is 5 ft. 4 in., Charlotte Clifford being the tallest at 5 ft. 10 in. and Helen Keefe the shortest at 4 ft. 10 in.

The boy's average in height is 5 ft. 9 in., Clifford Heather, 6 ft. 2 1-4 in. being the tallest, and Henry Barber the shortest at 5 ft. 6 in.

The average girl's weight 115½ lbs; Helen Cooke tipping the scales at 150 lbs. Both Helen Keefe and Mary Linnehan stop at 97 lbs.

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The boys are somewhat heavier, the average being 140 3-4 lbs, with Clifford Heather at the top with 182 lbs. and Francis Hynes lightest at 110 lbs.

Brown predominates in the color of both eyes and hair, although almost as many have blue eyes. Nine consider their eyes grey, seven green, two hazel, one black and one "light black." Someone, in a descriptive mood designates her's as "amber." Another says "blue—this is a guess—I can't see 'em."

There are a number with black hair and a few blondes, (easily picked out, by observation if you will), one auburn, and one "disappointed blonde." If the girls are telling the truth, the average length of hair is 16½ inches, Elizabeth Cooke's being over a yard long, and Elaine Gamwell's 5 inches. Several boys estimate theirs at 6 in. and Mr. Jacobs at ½ inch. Henry Barber says "It varies inversely as the possession of 50 cents for a hair cut."

Prettiest Girl-Betty Harder

Oh you beautiful maiden,
As slender as a reed,
And as supple and as full of grace
As the yielding stem of the water lily
Swayed to the music of the waters—
You smile, and the sun kisses the ripples—
You laugh and the sun splashes in the water.
I have watched your eyes

53

Your smiles and wit lurk in their depths,
As light and shadow play sweet-swift upon your thoughts,
Your eyes are true as sunlight in the water
Yes, you are wonderful, you graceful, yielding thing—
Oh Betty, fairest of our class,
To thee we give our homage.

Handsomest Boy-Bruce Humphreville

Oh perfect Arrow Collar Man,
Face of Apollo, healthy tan,
Eyes whose meaning is a riddle
Hair well parted down the middle,
Smile that girls forever teases
Tongue that flatters, therefor pleases
Faultless nose and perfect tie,
Immaculateness that none can vie.
The class picked well when it chose you
The handsomest from a handsome few.

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Most Popular Girl—Evelyn Gregory
Miss Gregory, of girls the most popular,
Is also most peppy and jocular
Known as "Greg," "Bill" or "Liz,"
She's the best girl that is
"She's there," to use the vernacular.

Most Popular Boy—Clifford Heather
Cliff Heather, most popular boy,
Is wont all the girls to annoy
In handsprings and dives.
His Dad's car he drives,
And as a pianist—oh boy!

Teacher's Pet—Marion Patten
Marion Patten, teacher's pet,
Is the greatest pet
That we've met yet
Ask all the teachers,
And principal too
Do they love "Pat?"
We'll say they do!

Cutest Boy—Thomas Killian
There's a curl to his hair that bewitches,
And a laugh in his eyes that beguiles,
There's an elf of old Ireland a-lurking,
In one of Tom Killian's bright smiles.

55

There's a little bit of true Blarney In the wit that is happy too, With the magic of all Killarney, The cutest boy—that's who.

Cutest Girl—Mildred Higgins
Our little Mildred Higgins,
The cutest little lass,
Sure has her own opinions
Of the worthy senior class.
To say just what she meant,
She let her English pass,
When she said of the senior A's,
"It's a darn bum class.'

Best Boy Dancer—Robert Peck
Haste thee, Bob, and bring with thee
Pan and fair Terpsichore
Waltz and trot in wanton styles,
Shimmying down narrow aisles.
Tie correct and hair groomed sleek,
Oh for thee the heart is weak;
Joy that wrinkled prudes deride;
(If only they knew the happy side!)
Come and jazz it as you go
Cheek to cheek and toe to toe;
And in thy arm pray lead with thee
Thy lithesome partner fair and free.
And, if I give thee verses due
Thy graces, Bob, are not a few.

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Miss Chandler, best known as sweet Lila,
Is a mixture of Fokina and Huyler.
She can trot, she can toddle,
She can waltz, she can waddle;
Terpsichore has nothing on Lila.

Cleverest Boy—Robert Kenyon
And who is Bobbie Kenyon?
Why everybody knows—
The cleverest little boy
That in our high school grows.
Why he'd pose well for collar ads.
He's editor of the Pen.
He's clever at math, and a poet too;
A wonder is Bobbie Ken.

Cleverest Girl—Janet Burt
The cleverest girl is Miss Burt
Who's wont with her pencil to flirt;
With tongue or with pen,
She's cleverest then.
Our newspaper star—Jennie Burt.

Best Girl's Complexion—Katherine Drennan

Katherine's skin is as fair as dawn, Soft as the down of a faery swan, Bright and clear as a delicate flower Blushing rose from a summer shower; Dimpled and soft as a baby fair. Is it any wonder we think she's rare?

Class Vamp—Carolyn Cooper

"A rag and a bone and a hank of hair," May sometimes be most deadly fair; For callous age or youth unkissed Can never your subtle charms resist, Oh maiden Theda Bara-wise. What do they mean—those witching eyes? Dido or Cleopatra fair Could be envious of your lips or hair Oh Carolyn Cooper, ravishing jewel, For passions' fire you're a dangerous fuel.

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Class Sport-John Hopper

Did you ever go to a ball game And drink sodas And watch Johnny Hopper Doing the cheer-leading? Do you remember how You rose in your seat And cheered because Johnny said to? Will you consider how becoming Were his white trousers And the purple "P" on his sweater And the college tan?



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59

Did you ever see Johnny
When he was not doing something
Or about to do something
Or when he had just finished?
Yes, you can always see Johnny
Except when he is far in the rear
Of a mammoth cigar.

Class Poet-Margaret Marsh

Commissio House Rudy's hor F FF F

Peg Marsh is poet and rhymer
Though in rhyme she's quite an Old Timer,
She wrote a class song
Full of weeps and too long,
But it couldn't be any sublimer.

Prima Donna—Frances Fowler

The Class Prima Donna is Fannie Whose talent is simply uncanny—She warbles and trills
Like to give you the chills,
Galli Curci is nothing to Fannie.

ratio of second plan office Respectfully submitted, and and are

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Margaret Marsh.

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Bea Rowan, a most awfully small girl Tried her luck at raising a spit curl But they went out of style (They were in quite a while) Poor Bea, that awfully small girl.

We know a sweet lass named Drennen Whose eyes are as blue as the Shannon She's a base ball fan Struck out by a man She's in love, our Dear Katy Drennan.

A nice little girl called Gamwell (Her first name, Elaine, doesn't rhyme well) Has quite a cute lisp—
You should hear her insist
That thee dothn't talk funny at allwell.



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She's quiet and mouse-like, D. Somes And she speaks in the gentlest tones But sometimes she's (sh!) noisy Talks funny and (sh!) boy-sy, That good little sport, Dotty Somes.

Have you heard that about Flossie Fitch? (If we tell you, she'll give us the ditch!) But, she once saw a mouse In her own little house And she talked in a rather Loud Pitch.

Oh, yes, there's that infant, H. Keefe; She's as light as a small autumn leaf But tho' she is small Yet that is not all— She's an imp—that infant—H. Keefe.

My name is J. Burt And I hope you're not hurt By the poems I've made about you, You're all really funny, And I might have made money. But, I didn't—so the joke's on J. Burt.

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"I was in communication with the dead for an hour today." "No?"

"Yes, I had a conference with one of my profs."

Ruth: "I don't believe in kissing a man unless I'm engaged to him."

Fan: "Why, dear, what a quantity of rings you must have."

Dear Friend:

I wonder who marcels some of these boy's hair, eh Barnie?

Charlotte Clifford.

Mr. Leonard: "-and every person has more or less sulphur in his body." Durant: "Well, that explains it."

Meace, Grosser, Vegetalles all, Fraike

Mr. Leonard: "Explains what?"

Durant: "Why some girls make better matches than others."

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Wellsley: "Isn't that an attractive building?"

Smith: "Yes, everybody's crazy about it. It's an insane asylum."

Suffragette: "In a battle of tongues a woman can always hold her own." Cynic: "Yes, but she never does."

Bramble: "—and he had fallen backwards off the scaffold and then, by the exercise of unusual presence of mind, he grabbed hold of a rope at the sixth floor and saved his life. There's certainly nothing more desirable in times of peril than presence of mind."

Barnes: "No-o-o, not unless it's absence of body."

Peck: "You know Bill Spevin is looking for a name for his baby, and I thought I'd help him out. Now I've always been fond of 'Alias' but I don't think it's a good one."

Barns: "Why not?"

Peck: "Well, I've often noticed that boys with that name are very often in the police courts."

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Jacob S. Aaronson Esther Ruth Abrahms Bessie Tobie Aronstein Edith Elizabeth Baker Henry Lansing Barber William Hamilton Barnes Roland Clifford Barnfather Irene Campbell Bliss Hugo Ferdinand Bornak James Lawrence Bramble Dorothy Silsby Brown Harvey Alfred Brownell Harry Roger Burns Janet Elizabeth Burt Beatrice Mary Callahan Kathleen Joyce Carey Lila Louise Chandler Geraldine Chapman Stanley F. Clarke Charlotte Frances Clifford George Howard Clough Elaine Miriam Clug Gertrude Florence Cole William Henry Cole George Joseph Conway Elizabeth Coggeswell Cooke Helen Beatrice Cooke Marian Hungerford Cooke Carolyn Cooper Vera Irene Cushman Celia Davis Arthur Joseph Dansereau Charles Mitchell DeBlois Joseph Earl Dolphin Katherine Evarista Drennan Ora Louise DuBois Elizabeth Monk Eldridge Laurence Rene Elsesser Donald Ross Ferris Florence Anna Fitch Frances Elizabeth Fowler Elaine Gamwell Austin Cyrus Gaylord Vivian Margaret Gilmartin Evelyn Lucy Gregory Harris T. Hall Elizabeth Harder Clifford Iacob Heather Barnard Fitch Herman Mildred Ann Higgins

Charlotte Amy Hodges John Thomas Hopper Doris Gertrude Humphrey Bruce Tallmadge Humphreville Anna Elizabeth Hynes Francis Joseph Hynes Bertrand Colvert Jacobs Helen Magdalene Keefe Robert Smith Kenyon Thomas Joseph Killian Myra Flock Kimball George Thomas Layden Evelyn Baker Lear Dorothy Nema Leonard Sadie Levin Mary Margaret Linnehan Elizabeth Balch Lockwood Donald Justin MacDonough Elizabeth Mary McLaughlin Eleanor Ruth Mapletoft Evelyn Fanny Mapletoft Naomi Malintha Marcotte Margaret Ball Marsh Marion Mattoon Edna Irene Messier Gladys Marsden Musgrove Ruth Weisheit Nesbit Blanche Adelaide Olsted Gladys Louise Olsted Florence Phair Palmer Winton Irving Patnode Marion Elizabeth Patten Margaret Carolyn Pease Robert Peck Beatrice Mildred Rowan Walter Farley Reagan Alice Mary Sheerin Norman Crawford Shippey Clifford Kenyon Shipton Dorothy Iane Somes Esther Adeline Stodden Jane Caroline Tolman Eleanor Elizabeth Tone Ida Rita Viale Bertha Mary Weir Clarence Hudson Wheeler Marion Theodora White Thelma Elizabeth Wilmarth Charlotte Evelyn Wilson

Graduation Exercises Pittsfield High School Class of 1921



HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM
TUESDAY EVENING, JUNE TWENTY-EIGHT
NINETEEN - TWENTY - ONE

Program

0

Concert-8.00 to 8.30,

High School Glee Club

Salutatory—"It is for All People"

Marion Theodora White

"The Rebirth of American Commerce"

Robert Smith Kenyon

"Horace Mann's Contribution to Massachusetts" Ida Rita Viale

Music.

Senior Glee Club

"Small Farms and Large Plantations"

Jane Caroline Tolman

"Universal Disarmament,"

Donald Ross Ferris

Valedictory—"The Power of Music,"

Marion Elizabeth Patten

Announcement of Pro-Merito Appointments,

Dr. William J. Mercer, Chairman School Committee

Conferring of Diplomas,

His Honor, Mayor M. W. Flynn

Class Song

Pro-Merito List

Pupils who have maintained a rank of 85% or over in the general average of their work for four years.

Esther Ruth Abrahms Bessie Tobie Aronstein Edith Elizabeth Baker Charlotte Frances Clifford George Howard Clough Katherine Evarista Drennan Ora Louise DuBois Donald Ross Ferris Florence Anna Fitch Frances Elizabeth Fowler Harris T. Hall Doris Gertrude Humphrey Robert Smith Kenyon Thomas Joseph Killian Myra Flock Kimball Elizabeth Balch Lockwood Dorothy Nema Leonard Margaret Ball Marsh Elizabeth Mary McLaughlin Edna Irene Messier Gladys Marsden Musgrove Ruth Weisheit Nesbit Marion Elizabeth Patten Margaret Carolyn Pease Robert Peck Walter Farley Reagan Norman Crawford Shippey Dorothy Jane Somes Iane Caroline Tolman Ida Rita Viale Marion Theodora White

Class Motto

Class Colors

"Ad Supera"

Maroon and Gray

Class Officers

Donald Ferris, Clifford Shipton, Marion Patten, Ida Viale. President Vice-President Treasurer Secretary

Order of Dances

1.	Fox Trot
2.	One Step 2 Laydown Fox Trot
3.	Fox Trot
4.	Fox Trot.
5.	Waltz
6.	One Step
7.	Fox Trot.
8.	Fox Trot
9.	Waltz
0.	Fox Trot
1.	One Step
2.	Fox Trot
3.	Waltz

CHAPERONS

Mr. and Mrs. John Gannon Mr. and Mrs. Roy Strout Mr. and Mrs. Frank Leonard miss Lockwood

SENIOR BANQUET

CLASS OF JUNE '21.

Thursday evening, June 30, 1921

MAPLEWOOD HOTEL

COMMITTEE

General Chairman, Henry Barber Arthur Dansereau Harris Hall

George Conway Doris Humphrey Vivian Gilmartin Gladys Musgrove

MUSIC COMMITTEE

Chairman, Evelyn Mapletoft

William Cole Evelyn Lear

Winton Patnode

PROGRAM COMMITTEE

Chairman, Clifford Shipton

Joseph Dolphin Esther Abrahms

Charlotte Clifford

Program

Toastmaster, Clifford Shipton Opening Speech. John Hopper Poem, Margaret Marsh William Cole Class History, Toast to Bous. Marion Patten Toast to Girls. Harvey Brownell Class Statistics, Margaret Pease Class Prophesy, Henry Barber Class Will, Winton Patnode Remarks. Supt. John F. Gannon Remarks, Principal Roy Strout

DANCING TIL TWELVE

Menu

Fruit Cocktail

Tomato Bouillon en tasse

Celery

Filet of Halibut, Tartar Sauce Sliced Cucumbers

Grilled Spring Chicken au jelle

Asparagus Hollandaise

Potatoes Duchesse

Pommes Saratoga

Waldorf Salad

Desert

Crackers

Cheese

Olives

Coffee

Miss Elizabeth Balch Lockwood with congratulations best wishes of Dr. Elizabeth Balch Holmes

Gers, N. Y.